

Halloween: Restoration

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Summary: Megan Cramer moved out of her parents' house unexpectedly and is now trying to survive in the "real" world. Because of this, she accepts a job restoring the old Myers house as an interior painter. The job pays extremely well, but she knows by taking it, she is putting her very life at risk. This is the Boogeyman's house after, and she is well aware that anything can happen.

1. May 7, 2012: Part 1

Halloween: Restoration

****Disclaimer: ****I do not own any of the characters, places, or events that originated from ANY of the Halloween films.

****Author's Notes: ****This Halloween story is based on events that occurred during the series John Carpenter began. This story follows the timelines in Halloween, Halloween II, Halloween: H20, and Halloween: Resurrection. The events in Halloween: The Return of Michael Myers, Halloween: The Revenge of Michael Myers, and Halloween: The Curse of Michael Myers have been excluded.

****This story is rated M because of language and explicit sexual content. Because of these adult themes, please use discretion before reading.****

****Summary: ****Megan Cramer moved out of her parents' house unexpectedly and is now trying to survive in the "real" world. She is renting a run-down apartment that she can barely afford, but without it she would be living on the streets. One day she applies for a job restoring the old Myers house and accepts a job as an interior painter. The job pays extremely well, but she knows by taking it, she is putting her very life at risk. This is the Boogeyman's house after all, and she is well aware that anything could happen.

* * *

><p>Haddonfield, Illinois

****May 7, 2012****

There it stood just a few feet in front of her. Even though she had lived in Haddonfield all her life, she had never seen this particular house in person. She had stayed away from it, and with good reason. The structure had seen its share of horrific deaths, the latest having taken place nearly eleven years before with the production of the controversial webcast Dangertainment.

Megan Cramer had only been a child of seven when terrifying images of that night had lit up the television screen via the local news. Her parents had let her watch the carnage unfold, leaving her to deal with the nightmares alone. The man responsible had been presumed dead at that time. However, the next morning the young female mortician, who had been the one examining the culprit's electrocuted body, had been found dead on the floor with strangle marks around her neck. Meanwhile, the burnt corpse had mysteriously vanished from its body bag without a trace, leaving the residents of the small town to speculate that the manâ€"if one could call him thatâ€"was still on the loose, waiting for the right time to strike again.

As Megan walked up the building's front steps, she couldn't help but wonder if this project would be enough to lure him from the shadows. After all, this was his house. In her opinion, the mayor's decision to restore it and put it back on the market as livable space was ludicrous, but he seemed quite determined to eliminate the fear surrounding the old structure.

Although the teenager didn't agree with the project, it did pay well. That was the only reason why she had applied for and accepted the job as an interior painter. At least now she could continue to rent the small run-down apartment, which had recently become her new home.

Only a month had passed since Megan had moved out of her parents' house. The incident behind her sudden departure still hurt like hell, but there was no point in dwelling on it. The damage had already been done, and as far as she was concerned, it was irreversible. In fact, she doubted her parents would even care that she was risking her life in order to keep a roof over her head.

The tall auburn-haired girl entered the house and instantly coughed. A thick layer of drywall dust covered everything inside, making it very difficult to breath.

"Sorry," apologized one of the drywallers, who was a tall man with golden hair and steel-blue eyes. "We're still in the process of sanding the walls upstairs. The ones down here though, are all set for paint, assuming you're one of the painters."

Megan nodded. "I am."

"I'm afraid you'll have to dust the rooms before you start," another worker said. He was so covered in drywall dust that his only distinguishable feature was his light-brown eyes. "Usually we'd have you wait before painting, but we're already a more than three weeks behind schedule. This house has been fighting us every step of the

way so far. In all honesty, it would have been faster if they would have just torn it down and rebuilt."

The redhead wordlessly repeated her previous head gesture. She was sure everyone working on the house understood why it had not been demolished.

"The brooms and dustpans are over there," the first man told her, pointing to a far corner. "You're also welcome to use the Shop Vac, which is around here somewhere."

"Thanks," said Megan. She crossed the living room and grabbed a broom and a large metal dustpan. "I think I'll start in the family room."

"Good idea," the second worker agreed. "If you need anything, just let us know."

"I will." The teenager walked into the family room and sighed at the amount of cleaning that had to be done just so she could prep the room for paint. _Well, no use standing around and staring at it,_ she mentally reasoned. _Time to get down and dirty._

2. May 7, 2012: Part 2

An hour into her cleaning, Megan decided to give up the broom and dustpan and hunt down the Shop Vac. She brushed the drywall dust off her bare arms and jean-clad legs before returning to the living room.

The two workers she had met earlier were nowhere to be seen. However, another girl, who looked to be a few years older than Megan, was busy taping off a section of wall, which was still in dire need of dusting. "You should probably clean that area before painting it," Megan kindly suggested.

The brunette girl turned her head, her expression hard. "I'm not getting paid to clean," she curtly replied. "I'm just here to paint."

Megan frowned. "Yes, but if you don't dust it off first, it's going end up looking like crap."

"What do I care?" the girl asked. "This isn't my house." She then went back to taping, completely ignoring Megan.

The redhead was about to make another comment when she heard a set of footsteps walking down the stairway behind her.

"Hey, Briana, you _are_ going to clean that wall before you paint it, right?"

Megan recognized the voice as the one belonging to the blonde-haired worker.

The brunette looked at the man, her cheeks flushing slightly. "Of course I am, Nick," she sweetly responded.

Megan simply rolled her hazel eyes.

"Good, because we need this house looking its best if it's ever going to sell."

"I know," Briana said.

The worker addressed Megan next. "How's the family room coming along?"

"It's been a slow process," she honestly told him, "but it's getting there. I was just going to try to find the Shop Vac."

"The last place I saw it was in the basement. I would check there first. The door to the cellar is in the kitchen."

Megan nodded and headed out of the living room, leaving Nick and Briana alone. She swung the kitchen door open and found a small group of people installing new countertops and cupboards. The teenager's presence went unnoticed as she walked to the cellar door. She opened it and stepped down onto the small landing. Then, she shut the door behind her, muffling all the noises coming from the kitchen. She flicked on the light switch and descended down the stairs. The workers were using the large room to store all their equipment. Ladders, scaffolding, buckets of drywall mud, etc. cluttered the basement.

Megan searched for the Shop Vac, being careful not to disturb too much. Eventually, she found the round vacuum cleaner. It was sitting underneath extra sheets of drywall that were leaning against the wall. As she slowly began maneuvering the Shop Vac into the open, something metal dropped heavily onto the floor behind her. She jumped in spite of herself and instinctively turned around. A large silver wrench was lying on the floor a few feet from her. "H-hello?" she called, her voice trembling slightly. "Is someone there?"

Silence answered her; however, she swore she saw movement within the deeper shadows of the room. She released a small shriek, grabbed the Shop Vac, and raced back up upstairs to the safety of the kitchen. Her dramatic entrance caused a couple of the workers to give her strange looks, but no one said anything to her as she hurried back into the living room.

"What's gotten into you?" Briana asked upon Megan's hasty return.

The redhead dropped the vacuum cleaner and placed a hand over her thumping heart. "I think I saw someone lurking around in the basement."

The brunette smirked. "I hate to tell you this, but there are a lot of people running around this house right now."

"I know," Megan impatiently replied, not appreciating Briana's sarcasm, "but I don't think it was one of the workers. I think it was someone else."

"Who?"

Megan slowly shook her head. "I don't know."

The other girl sighed. "Well, I'm just glad you found the Shop Vac. It will save me a lot of unnecessary work." She pointed to a nearby electrical socket and said, "You can plug it in down there."

"I don't think so," Megan sternly stated, lifting the vacuum cleaner back up. "You can use it after me. I'll be finished with it soon."

"Hey, that's not fair!" Briana exclaimed. "This room is bigger than yours!"

"Yes, but I've already dusted mine, for the most part. I just have to go over a few areas with this. It shouldn't take me too long." Megan carried the Shop Vac into the family room, ignoring the utterance of "bitch" that she distinctly heard on her way out.

The redhead plugged the vacuum into the wall and continued cleaning. As she worked, her thoughts drifted back to the mysterious shape she had seen in the basement. She supposed it could have belonged to a large animal of some sort, but that still didn't explain how the wrench had ended up on the floor. No, she was certain someone had thrown it to get her attention. For a moment, a man wearing dark coveralls and a white expressionless mask entered her mind. However, if it had been him, it seemed unlikely that he would have been satisfied with merely spooking her—"unless he had been toying with her to see her reaction. If that was the case, then she highly doubted he was through with her, yet.

Megan considered telling the project manager about the incident, but she didn't want to do anything that could potentially jeopardize her new job. She really needed it to pay for her apartment. The threat of possible death didn't scare her nearly as much as her father's boss' indecent proposition. And the fact that her own parents had encouraged her to accept it...well, that was when she had decided to leave home.

The memory of that night still made Megan shudder. Yes, she would rather die than move back in with her parents. She just hoped others would not pay the price for her tenacity.

3. May 7, 2012: Part 3

****Readers:** I'm so sorry for not keeping this story updated. As many of you know, I've been spending most of my free time writing new chapters for Halloween: A Dark Reality. However, I have not forgotten about this project. I just want to thank you for your patience. It means a lot to me :)**

* * *

><p>The rest of the day remained uneventful for Megan. Around eleven, she had rolled the Shop Vac into the living room for Briana, without so much of a thank you. Even now as they left the house together, the brunette girl refused to acknowledge the other's existence. The redhead inwardly sighed. She had hoped to use this job as an avenue for developing a friendship or two, but everyone was too busy rushing to their vehicles to pay any attention to her.<p>

When they reached the end of the walkway, Briana suddenly spun

around; cupped her hands to her mouth; and yelled, "Hey, Nick, hurry up!"

A moment later the blonde-haired man exited the house. "I don't know what the rush is," he said. "The Grotto serves drinks until two." It wasn't until his steel-blue eyes landed on Megan that a warm smile touched his lips. "Are you coming with us?"

"No," the brunette sharply replied.

"Brianaâ€|" Nick warned.

"It's okay," Megan quickly interjected, not wanting to stir up any more trouble. "I have other plans tonight, anyway." Her heart sank at the lie, but she tried hard not to let it show.

"With your boyfriend?" asked Nick, both sounding and looking disappointed.

"No, I don't have a boyfriend."

"Prude," Briana muttered.

The drywaller opened his mouth to comment, but Megan said, "Well, I think that's my cue to leave. I'll see you both tomorrow." Without so much as a backwards glance, she stepped onto the sidewalk and began her lonely trek home while humming a melancholy tune underneath her breath.

The attractive redhead was much too absorbed in her misery to notice the pair of black eyes following her down the street, watching in reflective contemplation.

* * *

><p>Megan entered her shabby apartment and promptly locked the front door behind her. Her apartment wasn't located in the best part of town, so she always made sure to secure all the windows and doors, especially since she lived alone. Because she had left home without her parents' approval, she was left to fend for herself; therefore, she didn't own anything of great value. In fact, she had just about depleted all her babysitting money she had so diligently saved throughout the years buying the absolute bare essentials that she neededâ€"food, clothes, toiletries, bedding, towels, and a few kitchen supplies.<p>

The elderly couple living next door had been kind enough to lend Megan a few pieces of furniture and some other home goods that they had saved in storage, which included a vintage 1950's kitchen table, along with a couple of chairs; a faded blue Lazy Boy recliner; an old vacuum cleaner; a toaster; an alarm clock; and a worn full-sized bed that squeaked every time Megan moved, but it was still better than sleeping on the floor. Thankfully, the apartment had come equipped with a gas range, a microwave, and a refrigerator. However, just like everything else in the small apartment, they had all needed a thorough cleaning before use.

The redhead had spent a good week making the apartment fit for human life. Despite her best efforts, though, the place still remained dingy looking. The walls were in dire need of a new coat of paint,

and the shaggy green carpet that covered just about every inch of floor space desperately needed to be replaced. The only rooms that had been spared of the avocado-green monstrosity were the kitchen and bathroom, not that their yellowish linoleum flooring was much better.

Sighing softly, Megan sauntered into the bathroom. After relieving a full bladder, she turned to the sink and instantly flinched when she saw her reflection. Her likeness was covered in drywall dust and speckles of paint. Mortified that she had walked home in such a state, she rushed to the bathtub and turned the knob solely designated for hot water. She let it run for a full minute, waiting for the water to warm up. After another minute passed, the teenager began to suspect that the hot water heater was on the fritz, again. Usually she would end up taking a quick cold shower, standing in the stall just long enough to wash her body and hair. However, tonight she craved a hot shower, because she knew it was going to take more than a few minutes to remove all the dust and paint from her long auburn locks.

Megan quickly packed her shampoo, body wash, and bath towel into a plastic grocery bag. She left her apartment and rapped on her neighbors' door. The older couple rarely left their apartment anymore, yet no one answered her persistent knocks. Worried, the teenager reached for the door knob. She jiggled it hard, but it refused to give. She finally admitted defeat and plopped down on the cold cement steps. She had one other option. The question was did she really want a hot shower _that_ badly? She shook her head, answering her own question. No, a cold shower would definitely suffice for right now.

The redhead walked back to her apartment, shutting the door tightly behind her. She reentered the bathroom and returned her toiletries to their rightful places. Then, she stripped out of her soiled clothes. After kicking them aside, she stepped into the shower stall and pulled the opaque shower curtain closed. She winced the moment the cold water touched her skin. Not wasting any time, she went to work cleaning the grime off her body.

While she shampooed her hair, Megan's thoughts inevitably returned to the day's events. Again, she couldn't help but wonder who had thrown that wrench and the purpose behind the act. Had it been meant as a warning? If so, then why had she been the one to receive it? What made her so special?

Megan shivered hard under the steady spray of cold water. She quickly shut off the faucet, her teeth chattering slightly as she slid the shower curtain open. She was just about to step out of the tub when she made a terrifying discovery. Her eyes instantly widened in alarm, her mouth falling open in complete shock. Her clothes and bath towel were missing!

The teenager started to shake now from fear rather cold. Someone had broken into her apartment! The thought made her heart pound rapidly in her chest. She knew she had to call the police, but she was downright petrified of leaving the bathroom naked. What if the intruder was still inside somewhere, waiting for her?

As ridiculous as it might have looked, she unhooked her shower curtain and wrapped it awkwardly around her body. She then quietly

opened the bathroom door and peeked around the corner. She didn't see anyone, but that didn't mean she was alone. It just meant that the intruder could be very skilled at hiding.

Megan cautiously ventured out of the small room. Her eyes darted wildly about as she padded her way to the cordless phone that was hanging on the kitchen wall. It was not very reliable, but it was all she had since she had forgotten to grab her cell phone in her mad rush to leave her parents' house, not that she could afford the monthly payment right now, anyway.

When she failed to get a dial tone, the teenager slammed the receiver back into the cradle, cursing loudly. Just then, she noticed that the front door was wide open. Hadn't she locked it upon returning from her neighbors'? At this moment, she couldn't remember. All she knew was the she didn't want to stay in her apartment any longer than necessary. However, she refused to go outside dressed only in a shower curtain.

The redhead dashed into her bedroom. She grabbed a short pale blue dress from her closet, along with a small black purse, and pulled out a fresh set of undergarments from a rickety dresser. She let the curtain drop to her feet as she clothed herself. The dress wasn't really her style, but the price had been right at the consignment shop. Besides, where she was going she would fit right in.

She zipped up the dress and then slipped on a pair of black flats. When Megan didn't see any sign of the intruder, she snuck back into the bathroom. She hastily ran a brush through her hair, smoothing her locks flat against her back. When she finished, she slung her purse over her shoulder and left her apartment, this time making sure to latch the front door upon her departure.

* * *

><p>Megan didn't own a car, so she had to walk to The Grotto, which was located in the heart of Haddonfield's main business district. This club was the local hangout spot for college-aged students, though some adults frequented the establishment as well since it was known for serving the best drinks in town. The teenager was, of course, stamped as a minor, but she could still order virgin beverages if she so desired. Although tempting, she had a different purpose for visiting the club, one which did not include buying drinks.<p>

As she scanned the large room for her acquaintances, Megan noticed a tall man standing in a dark corner all by himself. He was wearing dark clothing, his pale face the only real distinguishable feature about him. As she watched, he locked his gaze onto her.

The redhead instantly shifted her hazel eyes back onto the dance floor. She breathed an audible sigh of relief when she caught sight of Nick dancing with Briana. She carefully made her way to the couple and gently tapped the back of the blonde man's shoulder. He instantly spun around, a slow smile touching his lips as his eyes met hers.

"Well, isn't this a pleasant surprise?!" he asked, raising his voice so he could be heard above the blaring music. "What can I do for you?!"

"I need to talk to you!" Megan shouted. "Can we go somewhere a little quieter, please?! It's really important!"

"Sure!" Nick exclaimed. He returned his attention to Briana and said, "Hey, I'll be right back!" When she frowned, he added, "Just keep dancing! You look really hot!"

The brunette girl laughed, and there was no mistaking the smell of alcohol on her breath. "Fine! Go! But hurry back!"

While Nick guided Megan off the dance floor, her eyes strayed to the dark corner where the tall man had been standing. He was gone now, but she could still feel his eyes on her, and it made her shiver.

Nick led her down a quieter corridor by the restrooms. "Cold?" he questioned, leaning closer to the teenager.

"No, I'm fine." Megan suddenly shook her head and said, "No, actually that's not entirely true. Someone broke into my apartment tonight while I was taking a shower."

The blonde man deeply frowned. "I hoped you called the police."

"I couldn't," the girl replied. "My phone wasn't working properlyâ€"but I think all the person took were my clothes and towel."

"It doesn't matter what he took," Nick argued. "Breaking and entering is still a crime. You really need to call the police."

"Fine," agreed Megan, "but I don't want to go back to my apartment alone. Would you be willing to come with me?"

Nick instantly nodded. "Yeah, of course. Just let me tell Briana what's going on, all right?"

"Sure. While you do that, I'm going to freshen up real quick."

"Okay, I'll be back in a few."

The two parted ways, Megan walking to the woman's restroom and Nick returning to the dance floor. The teenager entered the restroom with a giggling group of college-aged girls, who had obviously exceeded their limits of alcohol. The redhead tried to ignore their conversation, but their loud voices made it impossible for her not to eavesdrop as she stepped into a vacant stall.

"I want to fuck him so badly right now," one of the girls whined. "Maybe he could sneak into our dormâ€"

"Yeah right," another interrupted. "Not likely with Ms. Davis stalking the halls. She'll have your head if she finds him with you."

"Maybe Jake could fuck her, too," the first girl countered. "Heaven knows that woman needs to get laid."

Megan rolled her eyes towards the ceiling as boisterous laughter filled the room. Admittedly, she wouldn't mind experiencing a little action herself, but she refused to give someone her virtue just for the sake of having a few hours of fun. She didn't necessarily want to wait for marriage; however, she did at least want a promise of commitment before offering a man something so precious. She had sacrificed a lot to keep her virginity intact, and she'd be damned if she allowed herself to be used for sex.

The redhead had been so lost in thought she had become oblivious to her surroundings. She never even heard the tipsy girls exit the restroom. Except for the bass of the dance music reverberating through the walls, the room was now eerily silent. Suddenly, she wanted nothing more than to leave.

Megan quickly made herself decent and exited her stall, the toilet flushing noisily behind her. As she stood before the sink washing her hands, her eyes caught sight of something odd in the mirror. Toes belonging to a pair of large dark boots were peeking out at her from underneath one of the stall doors. She instinctively turned around to get a better look, and that's when she heard it: the soft click of the lock unlatching. Gasping loudly, she fled out of the restroom without a backwards glance.

The teenager hurried back down the hallway, and before she realized it, she was back on the dance floor. She saw Briana right away, but there was no sign of Nick. Surely if he had been waiting for her by the restrooms, she would have noticed him. The redhead hastily approached the brunette and yelled, "Hey! Have you seen Nick?!"

"The last time I saw him he told me he was going to take you home!" Briana instantly frowned. "Isn't he with you?!"

"No!" Megan answered. "He was supposed to meet up with me again near the restrooms, and he never did! Should we go look for him?!"

"Give him a few minutes! Maybe he had to take care of business, too!" Briana then abruptly grabbed the teenager's hand and said, "While you're waiting for him, dance with me! Let's give these guys a show!"

"I don't think so!" Megan declined, taking hand back. "This kind of dancing really isn't my thing! I'll wait for Nick at the bar!"

"Have it your way!"

Megan weaved her way to the bar and sat down in a tall chair. One of the bartenders, a petite Asian girl, smiled kindly at her and asked, "What can I get you?"

The teenager knew she shouldn't waste her money on a drink, but the words 'a virgin strawberry margarita' left her mouth before she could think better of it.

The pretty bartender nodded and then busied herself preparing Megan's beverage. The redhead shifted in her seat, her eyes once again searching for Nick.

"Here you go."

Startling hard, Megan turned back to the counter. "Thanks." As she reached down for her purse, the Asian girl stopped her.

"You're all set," she said. "It's on the house."

Grateful for the bartender's generosity, Megan took a sip of her drink and instantly made a face. "This isn't virgin," she coughed.

The raven-haired girl shook her head. "No offense, sweetie, but it looks like you've had a rough day."

Megan slowly sipped her margarita and said, "I think I'm being stalked."

The bartender's brown eyes immediately widened. "Stalked? By whom?"

Michael Myers. The teenager simply shrugged. "I don't know. I just have that strange feeling of being watched. It's quite unnerving really."

"Maybe you're just being a bit paranoid," the Asian suggested. "You're a cute girl. I'm sure you attract a lot of attention wherever you go." She then sidestepped to another female patron, who was standing at the counter, waiting to be served.

Megan thought about the bartender's words. Was she just being paranoid? The incident at the Myers house had definitely set her on edge, and it could have started a chain reaction in how she was perceiving the other evening's events. Yes, someone had entered her apartment, but as far as she knew, it could have been just some random teenager playing a harmless prank on her. It still creeped her out that someone had walked into her bathroom while she had been taking a shower; however, the person could have done more to her than steal her clothes and towel. A lot more. Megan shuddered at the thought. She doubted she would ever forget to lock the front door again.

But then there was the person in the restroom and Nick's sudden disappearance. She supposed the person in the stall could have been a woman wearing combat boots, yet that still didn't explain Nick's whereabouts. Maybe he had gotten caught up with another girl. After all, he did seem to be quite the lady's man. That being the case, the redhead decided it would be in her best interest to leave the club without him. She didn't want to lead him on, especially if he was assuming that by inviting him to her apartment she was going to put out for him. She didn't need that type of pressure right now. She just wanted someone to stay the night with her so that she would feel safe and protected while she slept.

Megan finished her beverage and slid down off the bar stool, her head instantly spinning. Great. Just great. How was she going to walk home now? Maybe she should have thought of that before downing the margarita. She had some money in her purse, but definitely not enough for a Taxi. Mentally cursing herself, she decided to find Briana and humbly ask for a ride home.

Megan was crossing the dance floor when she clumsily stumbled over her own feet. A pair of strong arms instantly caught her before she

hit the hard floor. However, the motion of falling proved too much for her system to handle. Her rescuer must have sensed that she was on the verge of passing out, because he promptly tightened his grip on her, lifting her into his arms. His familiar pale face was the last thing she saw before everything around her faded to black.

4. May 7, 2012: Part 4, May 8, 2012: Part 1

****Readers, just like in Halloween: A Dark Reality, I am taking some liberties with Michael's character in this fic. For those of you who enjoy seeing him in a different light, then you should enjoy this story from here on out. ****

****As always, thank you for your reviews. They mean a lot to me!****

* * *

><p>As soon as the cool spring air touched Megan's face, she groggily opened her eyes, vaguely aware that the pale-faced man was carrying her to a vintage black muscle car that was parked in the dark alleyway between the club and the establishment next door. "I have friends who can take me home," she meekly told him upon reaching the vehicle.<p>

"Who are even more intoxicated than you," he replied. He opened the front passenger door and gently set her down in the seat. As he was helping her with her safety belt, his hand happened to graze her chest.

"Hey!" she scolded. "Don't get fresh."

The man's dark orbs met hers while he rose to his full height. "As if you're going to remember any of this in the morning, anyway." He then shut her door and walked around the rear of the car to the driver's side door. Once he sat down next to her, he started the ignition and pulled out of the secluded parking spot.

The man had only been driving a few minutes when Megan realized he knew exactly where he was going without any direction from her. Glaring at him, she said, "I want my stuff back."

He gave her a sideways glance, his expression impossible to read. "All in good time."

Sighing, the teenager leaned her head against the doorframe. As she idly stared out the window, her eyelids began feeling really heavy. She blinked a couple of times, fighting to stay conscious.

Five minutes later the man pulled up to the curb right in front of her apartment. He then left the car and opened her door. After he unfastened her safety belt, she instantly slumped sideways into his awaiting arms. "Come on," he said, lifting her off the seat, "Let's get you to bed."

Megan rested her head against the man's shoulder while he carried her to the front door.

"I'm going to need your key," he said.

"In my purse," she tiredly answered.

Once he found her key, the man shifted Megan even closer to him so that he could unlock the door without dropping her.

"Why do I get the feeling you're enjoying this?" she grumbled as he stepped through the threshold.

Looking down at her, he said, "I would be enjoying it a lot more if you weren't so intoxicated."

"I only had one drink," the redhead told the man in her defense.

"Which was obviously one too many for you," he countered, walking to her bedroom. "You really put yourself in a very vulnerable position tonight, Megan. You're fortunate I was there to take care of you."

"_Fortunate?_" she asked incredulously. "You've been stalking me all night, scaring me half to death."

The man stepped into Megan's room and strode directly to her bed. "Yes, but putting a little scare into you is nothing compared to what someone else might have done given the same opportunities." He laid her down on the mattress and knelt down next to her. "At least I left you unmolested, though, I must admit, seeing you emerge from the bathroom dressed only in that damn shower curtain did push my self-control very close to the edge."

The man then extended a hand towards Megan's face. Her breath hitched slightly as he lightly traced a finger down her temple, over her cheek, and around her lips. She thought he might kiss her, but all he did was touch.

"Good night, Megan," he finally said, withdrawing his hand.

Feeling oddly safe in the man's presence, the teenager finally let her eyelids drop. "Good night," she sleepily responded.

* * *

><p>ONE DAY LATER

Haddonfield, Illinois

May 8, 2012

Megan wasn't sure what jarred her from her sound slumber, but she awoke to darkness, feeling very confused and disoriented. Then, the night's events came rushing back to her, and she began to panic. She instinctively moved to sit up, causing the bed she was lying on to creak familiarly. Relief flooded into her when she realized she was in her own bedroom, laying on her own bed, and dressed in the same clothes that she had worn the night before, right down to her shoes.

As she lay quietly on her mattress, Megan's mind conjured up hazy images and bits of conversation involving her and the pale-faced man. Between her fuzzy memories and the fact she had passed out in his

arms at the club, she was left to assume that he had been the one to bring her home. However, one question remained: was he still in her apartment?

Megan quietly rolled out of bed, hissing slightly when her foot landed on something hard. Her alarm clock, which usually sat on the seat of an old wooden chair, had been moved to the floor. She bent down and picked up the clock. As she set it back down on the makeshift nightstand, her fingers grazed the wooden seat. To her astonishment, it was still warm. Her heart pounded hard at the knowledge that mere moments ago the man had been sitting bedside, watching her sleep.

The teenager stared at the chair, gradually realizing it had been his leaving that had awakened her. She wasn't sure what that meant, if anything. However, what she did know was that she was once again alone in her apartment.

The blue digital numbers on her clock told Megan that it was only a few minutes after three in the morning, so she decided to return to bed. She crawled underneath the blankets and wearily closed her eyes. Within minutes, sleep reclaimed her.

* * *

><p>The next thing Megan knew she was waking up to her five o'clock alarm with a searing headache. She wasn't sure if she was suffering from a hangover or if the stress of the previous day was finally taken its toll on her. She guessed it was probably a combination of the two.<p>

As she stumbled out of bed, Megan realized there was no way she'd be able to walk all the way to the Myers house in her current condition. However, because this was only her second day working, she didn't dare call in sick. Maybe taking a couple Aspirin would help. It certainly couldn't hurt.

The teenager treaded to the bathroom. Upon opening the door, she discovered that the man had not left the small room undisturbed during his short stay. Lying on the counter next to a full glass of water were two oblong-shaped pills. Even she had to admit that was a thoughtful gesture on his partâ€"kind of sweet, actually.

Megan shook her head, frowning at herself in the square mirror as she reached for the medicine. Although the man hadn't harmed her, she would hardly consider him sweet. He was a stalker, one she had spent most of the previous night running from.

The name Michael Myers once again entered her mind. However, he was notorious for being a silent killer, who always donned a white Halloween mask. From what she remembered, the man who had brought her home had not been silent, and he definitely had not been masked. Truth be told, she thought the mystery man had quite an attractive face, handsome almost.

The teenager's likeness now glared at her from within the looking-glass. Heaving a deep sigh, Megan turned away from the vanity and used the facilities. Then, she proceeded to get ready for another long day of painting.

* * *

><p>Megan arrived at the Myers house right at seven. Her head still felt somewhat fuzzy, but the pain had dissipated, thanks to the Aspirin. During her five-mile journey to the job site, she had sworn to herself never to drink again. The hangover the next morning just wasn't worth it.<p>

"All right, people, listen up!" Mr. Ellens, the dark-haired project manager, sternly demanded. "In order to stay on schedule, the first floor has to be completed by the end of the week."

A chorus of unhappy groans sounded throughout the group.

"I know we've experienced some unforeseen delays," the supervisor continued, "but it should be fast going from here on out. Now, let's get to work."

Just as the group was heading inside, Nick bounded up the front steps. "Sorry I'm late," he panted. "I over slept my alarm."

Megan shot the blonde drywaller an evil glare, fighting the urge to slap him.

"Nick!" Briana exclaimed as she dashed up to him. "Where have you been? I was so worried about you."

He sheepishly ran a hand through his short golden locks, his cheeks flushing crimson.

Fuming, Megan stormed into the house, not needing to hear his reply. His reaction was enough to tell her that he had, indeed, spent the night with another girl.

The redhead entered the family room and angrily pried open a new can of Country White paint. All she wanted was someone in her life whom she could trust, someone whom she could depend on when she needed help—someone whom she could call a friend. Again, she envisioned the man with the pale face, and something within her stirred, almost a sense of longing. She couldn't explain it, but she instinctively felt as though he was meant to be that person.

A blood curdling scream suddenly jolted Megan from her thoughts. Without thinking, she raced into the living room. By the time she got there, a small group of workers was gathered around Briana, who was lying on the wooden floor in what appeared to be a dead faint. Megan's eyes followed Nick as he crouched down next to the unconscious girl. He gently patted her colorless cheeks and softly called out her name, yet she remained motionless.

While the drywaller attempted to revive the brunette, Megan's gaze strayed to the Shop Vac. Its top had been removed, and something in its base was emitting a putrid stench into the room. "Nick..." she said, momentarily forgetting her anger.

He glanced over his shoulder, his gaze also landing on the lidless Shop Vac. He left Briana's side to check it out. "Oh my god!" he exclaimed. "It's the head of Rottweiler!"

All the workers started speaking at once; however, they all fell

silent when Mr. Ellens strode into the living room. After taking in the scene, he ordered everyone but Briana and Nick to vacate the room.

All the workers obeyed, including Megan. She returned to the family room, softly closing the door behind her. She knew of only one person who would play such a gruesome prank on someone, and that was Michael Myers. Although it was obvious that Haddonfield's boogeyman had come out to play, she still wondered why.

Then, the redhead saw something that made her heart skip a beat. Next to the paint can, bunched up in a loose ball, was the panty that had mysteriously vanished from her apartment the afternoon before. She immediately picked it up, startling slightly when a warm sticky substance coated her fingertips. The fluid was milky-white in color and had a unique almost musky scent to it. Even though Megan was inexperienced with men, she knew she was touching fresh sperm—Michael's sperm. This proved that he and the pale-faced man was, in fact, the same person.

Knowing that the killer had masterbated in this very room during her absence made Megan's skin tingle—not with fear like it should have but with a strange sense of arousal. As she stood there staring down at the garment clutched in her hand, an extremely naughty idea popped into her head. If given the opportunity, would he do it again? There was just one way to find out. She kicked off her white tennis shoes and then hastily undressed her lower half. Once her clothes dropped to the floor, she stepped into the soiled panty and boldly pulled it up her legs.

The moment Michael's cum touched her lower region, Megan's breath caught sharply in her chest. The sensation was unlike anything she had ever experienced before, and it instantly heightened her sexual desire for him. Unable to help herself, she fervently rubbed the messy fabric against her wet folds and swollen nub, her eyelids falling closed in pleasure as the killer's fluids mingled with hers. Reality quickly slipped away from her while she imagined that it was he who was touching her and making her call out his name in wanton abandonment.

And then he was there, his fingers lacing with hers, his warm breath caressing her cheek. Megan arched her back against him, jumping slightly when his forefinger flicked at her cotton-clad nub. His arms instantly tightened around her, keeping her still while his finger continued its relentless teasing.

Megan turned her head, burying her face into the killer's bicep in order to muffle her cries of ecstasy as he pushed her over the edge, finally ending the blissful torture. Instead of releasing her, he let her sag into him, as though he somehow knew that this had been her first sexual encounter with a man and that she needed time to bask in the afterglow of the experience.

Eventually, though, Michael dropped his arms to his side and moved away from teenager. She took that opportunity to put her jeans and shoes back on, noticing that he once again had forgone his mask. She then snatched her panty up from the floor and offered it to the pale-faced man. "Here," she said. "I want you to have this."

A ghost of a smile appeared on his lips as he accepted the gift and

stuffed it into the right side pocket of his navy coveralls.

Megan yearned to ask Michael if he had given up wearing his infamous white mask, but the question died on her tongue the moment he kissed her. It wasn't a passionate kiss by any means, just a tender show of affection on his part.

Then, as suddenly as it had happened, the pressure on her lips vanished. The redhead immediately opened her eyes to find herself alone in the room. Michael's ability to move like quicksilver confirmed her suspicions that he wasn't completely human—that he really was the Boogeyman.

Taking a deep steadying breath, she picked up the paint can she had opened earlier and poured a generous amount of the ivory-colored liquid into a plastic tray. After grabbing a clean roller, she started adding a second coat of paint to the walls, pretending like nothing ever happened. It was a good thing, too, because she was soon summoned to the living room by Mr. Ellens.

"Let me cut right to the chase," he said. "Briana, here, tells me you saw someone prowling around in the basement yesterday. Have you seen anything strange since then?"

Nick subtly shook his head behind the supervisor's back, his steel-blue eyes pleading with Megan not to say anything that might endanger their jobs.

The redhead kept her expression neutral as she answered, "No, nothing."

The supervisor gaze hardened with suspicion. "You're sure about that?"

She firmly nodded. "Yes."

"Very well," he conceded, "but if you see anything else unusual, I want to be notified of it right away. Got it?"

The teenager gave her head another affirmative nod. "Yes, sir."

"Good." Mr. Ellens turned to the drywaller next. "Nick, I want you to discreetly dispose of the Shop Vac and buy another one. I also want to make sure that no one speaks about this incident, again," he stated, now addressing everyone in the small group. "We certainly don't need the media to get wind of this right now. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," the three young workers harmoniously replied.

The project manager then singled out the brunette painter and said, "Briana, if you want to take the rest of the day off, I'll let you go home."

"Thanks," she replied. "I appreciate that. I'll see you tomorrow."

At Mr. Ellens' nod, Briana walked straight out the front door with Nick close on her heels.

* * *

><p>Nothing more happened to deter Megan from her work, so she was able to finish painting the family room and move into the living room. She really didn't care for Briana's sloppy handiwork, so she touched up the walls and trim while she waited for Nick to finish hanging his last few sheets of drywall.<p>

Everyone else had left for the day, however; he had decided to stay late in order to make up for the time he had lost taking care of the Shop Vac, and Mr. Ellens had asked her to stay with him. Megan was hoping she would encounter the notorious serial killer again, but he insisted on remaining invisible during the extra hour she and Nick were in the house.

"Hey, you ready to leave?" the drywaller asked from the stairway, startling her.

"Yeah," she said. "Let's go."

He offered her a tentative look as they left the house together. "So, do you need a ride home?"

The teenager shook her head. "No, not today, Nick."

"Come on, Megan," he begged. "Please, just give me a chance here, will you?"

Her hazel eyes flashed at him. "You had your chance, Nick," she spat. "Last night. Or maybe you were too drunk to recall that."

"Isn't that the pot calling the kettle black?" Nick angrily countered. "Briana told me she saw another man carrying you out of the club last night."

"Yes, I passed out," the redhead shamefully admitted, "and, yes, he stayed with me, but nothing happened between usâ€"unlike with you."

The blonde man released a heavy sigh. "Dang it, Megan, it wasn't like that."

"Oh, I'm sorry," she apologized, not bothering to keep the mocking tone out of her voice. "What exactly was it like, then?" When the drywaller failed to reply, she just nodded and said, "Yeah, that's what I thought. I'll see you later, Nick."

* * *

><p>Megan jogged back to her apartment, the rhythmic motion of her feet pounding the cement calming her somewhat. She still shut her front door hard, but at least it wasn't the slam that it would have been forty minutes ago. She even remembered to turn the deadbolt before sinking down into her recliner.<p>

Although taking a shower and making dinner were still on her to-do list, she desperately needed to unwind from her strange day first. She leaned back in the chair and stretched her legs out in front of her. She wasn't planning to fall asleep, but soon all she was seeing

was the inside of her eyelids as she drifted into a deep slumber.

5. May 8, 2012: Part 2

****Readers:** Thank you for your continued support. I really appreciate it!******

* * *

><p>A subtle rap on the front door startled Megan awake. Rubbing her eyes, she rose from the recliner and sauntered over to the door. She looked through the peephole. Her heart fluttered when she saw that it was none other than Michael Myers standing on the stoop. She self-consciously combed her fingers through her hair and smoothed the wrinkles from her clothes before unlocking the deadbolt.<p>

The instant the door opened, the man's obsidian eyes met hers. "Hello, Megan," he greeted.

"Oh, hi, Michael," she awkwardly answered. So, hearing him speak hadn't been a dream after all. "What are you doing here?"

He lifted a hand, revealing the same grocery bag she had used the day before, which was filled to capacity with her stolen belongings. "I believe you asked for these last night," he said, passing the bag to her.

"I did?" she asked, frowning. "I don't remember."

"Yes, I figured as much."

Megan shifted uncomfortably, and she felt the blood rise to her face as she said, "Just to give me some peace of mind, you and I didn't _do_ anything last night, did we?"

Michael gave her a long look. "Megan, you were barely conscious. If I'm going to do anything sexual with you, I'm going to make certain that you damn-well remember it." He leaned in close and added, "Like this morning."

By now the teenager was sure her face matched the color of her hair. "Yeah, about thatâ€|that's not something I would normally do, especially not with someone I hardly know. It's just that with you it feels soâ€|I don't knowâ€"different."

Michael nodded in concurrence. "That's because it _is_ different, Meganâ€"very different." He lightly touched the back of her hand and asked, "May I come in?"

"Yes, of course." The redhead opened the door farther, allowing the killer entry into her apartment. She closed the door and followed him into the living room, setting the grocery bag on the carpet. "May I get you anything, Michael, some iced tea or water, perhaps?"

He shook his head. "No, thank you, Megan, I'm fine."

The teenager couldn't help feel a bit relieved. Unlike her parents' house, her apartment was ill-equipped for entertaining guests. As far

back as she could remember, her parents always entertained, whether it was friends, colleagues, or bosses. If there was one dinner engagement she would like to forget, it was the involving her father's current boss, Mr. Patrick Carlson. The topic of conversation that night was one she never wanted to endure again.

"Megan, are you all right?"

Startled, she blinked, her eyes refocusing on Michael. A hint of concern was evident in his black eyes, making her believe for a moment that he might actually care for her on some level. "Yeah, sorry, I'm okay," she told him. He didn't look entirely convinced by her answer; however, he still let their conversation move forward. "So, what did you want to talk about?"

"Our relationship," he said without pause. "Megan, do you believe in soulmates?"

She contemplated his question and then nodded. "Yes, I believe that some people are destined to be together." Her eyes suddenly narrowed. "Why? Do you think you and I are soulmates?"

He studied her for a long moment and then said, "I would like to explore that possibility."

Megan's heart skipped a beat. "What exactly do you mean by explore?"

"I'd like us to spend some time together, to get to know one another on more intimate terms."

"In other words you want to fuck me," she blatantly said.

Michael's eyes widened, seemingly taken aback by her forwardness. "Although I am sexually attracted to you, Megan, sex is not the motive behind my request," he assured her. "If it was, I would have deflowered you by now."

The teenager pursed her lips together. As much as she hated to admit it, the killer did make a valid point. Within the last two days he had been given plenty of opportunities to take her virginity, yet he had left it intact.

"Though," he continued, "I did enjoy fooling around with you earlier today."

"Yeah, that was fun," agreed Megan, surprisingly without embarrassment.

"So, you would be open to doing it again?"

"Yes, definitely."

The killer simply nodded, letting the subject drop. The couple stood in silence until he finally asked, "Megan, why did you accept a job working on my house?"

She inwardly cringed. "Look, Michael, I know taking it was a risk," she told him, "but I had moved out of my parents' house rather suddenly, and I needed to find a decent paying job quickly so that I

could afford to keep living here."

Michael frowned. "What happened between you and your parents?"

The teenager shrugged, refusing to talk about it in great detail. "About a month ago, we had an argument during dinner involving my parents' dinner guest, and afterwards I left. A couple of days later I found this place."

The killer's expression darkened "Megan, where did you stay in the meantime?"

"At a shelter." When her companion scowled, she quietly added, "It was only for two nights, Michael. I had nowhere else to go."

His onyx orbs flashed angrily. "Knowing that, your parents still let you leave?"

"I didn't give them a choice," she explained, fighting back the memories of that night, and, again, failing.

* * *

><p>"Megan Annabelle Cramer, I want you to go up to your room with Mr. Carlson and do everything he asks. Now!" her mother harshly ordered.

The teenager looked at her father, never feeling so terrified in her entire life. "Dadâ€|?"

He shook his head. "It will be all right, Megan. Mr. Carlson just wants to spend a few hours with you, and it will keep your mother happy. Besides, I'm sure he'll teach you some things that will come in very handy in the future."

Mr. Carlson reached underneath the table and suggestively squeezed Megan's upper thigh. "Satisfy me tonight, Meg, and I promise to generously reward your parents for your efforts." His fingers slowly inched closer to her crotch as he added, "Then, perhaps, you and I can discuss a more long-term arrangement. I treat my mistresses very well."

Both her parents nodded in agreement, leaving Megan with no other option but to run away. "All right," she relented, "but could you give me a few minutes to get ready? Please?"

"_Yes, of course," Mr. Carlson said, lifting his hand. "I'll give you five minutes, Meg."_

_Knowing time was of the essence, the redhead dashed upstairs to her bedroom. She grabbed the manila envelopment that housed all her babysitting earnings and stuffed it unceremoniously into her book bag, along with a change of clothes. Then, she ran out onto the balcony. _

After tossing her bag over the railing, Megan quickly climbed down the garden trellis that was nailed into the house's pale yellow siding. The moment her feet touched the ground, she snatched up her bag and fled into the surrounding trees, heading straight for town.

* * *

><p>"Megan!"<p>

Michael's stern voice snapped the teenager from her reverie, and she immediately realized she was trembling.

"Megan, what the hell happened that evening to make you leave home?" he asked, guiding her to the kitchen table. "Did one of your parents strike you?"

She gave her head a negative shake as she sat down in a chair. "No, it was nothing like that, Michael. Neither of my parents has ever raised a hand to me. It was a betrayal of trust on their part."

He took a seat across from her, his black orbs dwelling into hers. "Tell me, Megan," he commanded. "I want to know."

Sighing, she leaned back in her chair and recapped the dinner scene, this time out loud. When she finished her tale, Michael stared mutely at her, his countenance filled with murderous rage. Afraid he might lash out at her, the teenager moved to stand. However, he instantly grabbed her hand, stopping her. When she met his gaze, he relaxed his grip and said, "Megan, I would never hurt you."

The sincerity in both his tone and expression was enough to ease her fear. She sat back down, letting him brood over what she had just told him.

"You were right to move out," he stated at last. "However, I think it's very foolish for you to live here by yourself."

"If you're suggesting what I think you're suggesting, then the answer is no," Megan flatly told him. "I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself."

"Like yesterday?" he asked, his eyes once again flashing. "I could have been anyone, Megan. Anyone. Then, to get drunk on top of itâ€" He irately shook his head, "No, you need someone here, someone to watch over you."

"Absolutely not!" the redhead exclaimed, jumping to her feet. "What gives you the right to dictate how I live my life? I don't even know you!"

Suddenly, Michael was standing directly in front of her, tilting her chin up. Despite his anger and frustration, he drew her lips into a soft lingering kiss, which she felt all the way down to her toes. It made her think he was right about them being destined for each otherâ€"that they really were soulmates.

All too soon the killer raised his head, ending the kiss. Then, to the teenager's surprise, he walked to the front door and took the liberty of opening it. "Come, Megan. I want to show you something."

She followed him outside and to his car. "Where are we going?" she asked.

"Back to my house," he answered as they got into the black Cutlass.

They both didn't say anything during the short drive. Michael parked his car on the street a couple of houses up from his. Together they walked to the back door of his house. Megan's eyes widened when he calmly pulled out a key from his left breast pocket. He let her into the kitchen, swiftly locking the door behind them. Then, he led her downstairs to the basement where she had first encountered him.

Michael directed the teenager into a small utilities room, stopping at what appeared to be a manhole cover. He pulled it aside and said, "I'll go down first. That way I can catch you if you fall."

Megan watched him descend into darkness. Less than a minute later he called up to her. She carefully climbed down the iron ladder, startling slightly when his hands gripped her hips as he helped guide her to the bottom rung. Once her feet touched the cement floor, he let go.

The killer pulled on a string that was dangling from the ceiling, turning on old light fixture. Instantly, Megan saw that they were standing in a large room, which was furnished with dresser; a writing desk; and a twin-sized bed. Sectioned off from the main room was a kitchenette, consisting of a small gas stove; sink; and a couple of cupboards. Located on the other end of the main room was another small room. The door was closed, but the teenager assumed it was a bathroom. The space was nothing fancy, but a person could survive in it for quite a while, if stocked appropriately. "A bomb shelter?" she asked.

Michael nodded. "That would be my guess. It was already here when my parents bought the house, though I don't believe they knew of its existence. I discovered it as a child."

"Interesting," Megan said, "and very convenient for you."

"Yes," the killer agreed. He walked to the desk and extracted a black three ring binder from the top drawer. "This is what I wanted you to see." He set the thick book on the desktop and then gestured for Megan to sit in the chair.

She obeyed, staring down at the binder but not daring to open.

"Go ahead," Michael gently encouraged. "I have nothing to hide, not from you." There it was again, the insinuation that he already considered her a close friend, even though they were still basically strangers.

Megan gingerly opened the binder. The first page was littered with ink sketches of pumpkins and jack-o'-lanterns, some very detailed and some more abstract. The next few pages were filled with more of the same, though the sketches were getting darker both in lines and in subject matter. The year 1963 started appearing within the sketches, lightly at first but becoming more prominent as she progressed farther into the binder. Finally, it reached a point where the page was collaged with the words: Death, Kill, Sister, Judith, and Halloween, along with sketches of demonic-faced jack-o'-lanterns and long sharp knives. Megan found it extremely hard to believe that

a six-year-old mind could conjure up such horrific images and emotions, especially towards a sibling.

Megan gazed up at Michael's attractive face. Unmasked, he could pass for a normal human being. However, the subtle glint of evil that lurked within the black depths of his eyes betrayed his identity, at least to her. "You really hated your sister," she said after a moment.

"Yes," he simply replied.

"Why?"

He shrugged and shook his head. "I don't know, Megan."

She nodded, returning her attention to the binder. Instead of words and sketches, newspaper clippings were taped to the following several pages—"all concerning his younger sister Laurie Strode and the aftermath of the carnage he had left behind that fateful Halloween night back in 1978.

Next to the article about Laurie's untimely car accident, in which she was reported dead, Michael had scrawled one word: ALIVE!. Other words started showing up after that such as Wait, Laurie, Nephew, Away, Find, and Kill. He had even drawn Laurie's portrait on a page, which was a spitting image of her real likeness. "This is really good, Michael," Megan commended, meeting his stare.

"There's more," he merely responded.

And so she continued onward, taking a few minutes to admire each drawing and the detail he put into them. Not all of them were of Laurie either. Some were depictions of inanimate objects—the exterior of his house from various angles; different models of cars, perhaps of ones he had used at some point; different species of trees and plants; and several landscapes. One in particular caught Megan's eye. It was of a small pond tucked away in a patch of trees. "Is this place real?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Is it close?"

"Close enough," Michael said.

Utterly entranced by the picture, Megan traced the outline of the pond with her index finger while he intently watched. "I'd like to go there with you," she told him at last.

"I'll keep that in mind."

She mutely nodded, turning the page. What she saw next took her by complete surprise. Michael had drawn a picture of a field of daisies, and in the center of one of the daisies he had written, 1994.

"That's the year I was born," she commented.

"Just keep going," Michael demanded, almost impatiently.

Megan started flipping through the binder a little faster, passing by more portraits of Laurie, momentarily pausing to read _IT'S_ _TIME_ and _DEAD_. After that, Michael's obsession with sister stopped. Megan pointed at a newspaper article about the _Dangertainment_ fiasco and said, "I remember that."

The killer shifted slightly. "You were young."

"Seven," she confirmed, not bothering to tell him about the weeks of nightmares she had suffered due to his massacre.

Megan absently thumbed the page over, her eyes doing a double-take at what she saw. She could feel Michael's eyes boring into her, but her gaze remained transfixed on his drawing. It was a portrait of a young woman, but it wasn't just any woman—it was her! He had even titled it _Megan_. However, that was not the only word on the page. It was joined by _Redhead_, _Beautiful_, _Innocent_, _Protect_, and _**MINE**_. The teenager wordlessly turned the page, only to find another portrait of herself adorned with the identical verbiage.

"They're all the same," Michael quietly told her. "Every last one of them."

She openly gaped at him. "How?"

"I've been envisioning you in my dreams, Megan. That's how I knew who you were."

She glanced back down at the binder, her mind racing. Of all the words on the page, _mine_ was only one emphasized. Since that's how he viewed her, she knew he would never allow her to date other men. At the same time, though, she couldn't imagine being kissed or touched by anyone else. "This is a lot to take in," she admitted at last, without looking up.

"I know," Michael gently answered.

She carefully closed the binder and finally looked at him. The sexual tension in his body was quite evident, and she suddenly started to panic. "Michael, I know you want this," she anxiously said, "but I'm still going need more time before taking our relationship to the next level."

"Megan," he responded, crouching down next to her, "My sole purpose for bringing you down here was not to take advantage of you but to show you that our meeting was not an accident. It was destined."

"But why?" the teenager inquired. "Out of everybody out there, why was I the one chosen for you?"

Michael leaned in close and lightly kissed her lips. "Do the reasons really matter, Megan?" he countered, kissing her, again.

"No," she muttered against his mouth, too lost in the moment to care about anything other than the way he was making her feel. She wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him even closer to her. Then, suddenly, he lifted her from the chair and onto his lap, his lips

still molded to hers.

Eventually, Megan parted her lips, allowing Michael's tongue entry into her mouth. Her breath caught slightly when his tongue touched hers for the first time. He moved a hand to the back of her head, holding it steady as he explored. Meanwhile, his other hand reached between her legs. He fingered the crotch of her jeans, drawing a soft groan from her. As he pressed his fingers more firmly against her, she finally decided it was time to reciprocate.

Megan experimentally wrapped her fingers around Michael's erection. This was her first time touching a man, and he was much more endowed than she had been expecting. She slid her hand up and down his length, occasionally squeezing his hardness in her palm.

All of the sudden, he tore his mouth from hers and grabbed her wrist, swiftly removing her hand from his manhood. "Megan, I can't have you touching me while we do this. I desire you just too damn much."

"All right," she said, thankful for the warning.

He laid her hand back on her lap and went back to kissing her. Then, he unfastened her jeans and slid a hand into them. He traced her moist lips through her panty until slipping a finger underneath the stiff material and gliding it over her bare nub.

"Michael!" she squealed, instinctively shifting her hips away from his probing digit.

"Easy, Megan," he soothed. Using his free hand, he spread her thighs open, giving his fingers better access to her taut nub. His eyes remained on her face while he gently pinched and rolled her little bundle of nerves between his forefinger and thumb. She yelped as her entire body started tingling with pleasure. Encouraged by her response, he rubbed faster and harder. She moaned and writhed against him, her hips now moving to his rhythm. She turned into him, begging for more, yet he showed tremendous restraint by not giving into her impulsive request, therefore earning her trust.

At last, Megan's body began to shake underneath the killer's persistent fingers. Once she came, he slowed his fingers to a stop and maneuvered them out of her pants. He waited for her tremors to pass and then gently slid her onto the cool cement floor. "I'll be right back," he said, pressing a chaste kiss to her lips.

When her companion started walking towards the bathroom, the teenager asked, "Are you sure you don't want any help, Michael?"

He turned and looked her straight in the eye. "Megan, the next time you touch me, I will take that as an invitation to fuck you," he gruffly warned. "Understand?"

Instead of scaring her, the killer's promise made Megan's insides flutter with anticipation. However, soulmate or not, she still wasn't ready to sleep with him, yet. "Perfectly," she simply replied.

"Good."

Once Michael disappeared into the bathroom, Megan buttoned her jeans

and stretched out on the floor, starting to feel both physically and emotionally spent. She stared up at the ceiling, reflecting on the day's events, but especially what she had seen in the binder. Their strong attraction towards each other now made sense, as did his desire to protect her. However, she had been on her own for a nearly a month, surviving just fine without him in her life. So why had their paths crossed now? Was something about to happen to make his protection necessary? If so, then what?

The bathroom door opened, and Michael stepped out. When his onyx orbs landed on the teenager, he released an audible sigh. "You look exhausted, Megan." He strode back to his desk and returned his binder to the top drawer. Then, he reached for her hands, which she let him take without any resistance. "Let's take you home so that you can eat and get ready for bed," he said, helping her to her feet.

The teenager hadn't even realized she was hungry until he mentioned it. "That sounds like a really good plan to me," she confessed. "Thanks."

Michael released her left hand but kept a firm grip on the right as they headed to the ladder, giving Megan a sense of security and calming her fears. She glanced up at him, and he gave her fingers a reassuring squeeze. In turn, she offered him a small smile. Perhaps living with the Boogeyman wouldn't be so bad after all.

6. May 8, 2012: Part 3, May 9, 2012: Part 1

"Michael, are you sure I can't get you something to eat?" questioned Megan as she carried a plate of two turkey sandwiches and a glass of iced tea to the table. "I feel kind of funny eating in front of you."

"Don't," he said. "I ate earlier, and it will hold me over for quite awhile."

The teenager sat down opposite the killer, still feeling rather uncomfortable. "I'm not really set up to entertain visitors," she apologized.

"Megan, please stop worrying about it," he commanded. "I don't need much; trust me."

She simply nodded as she bit into a sandwich.

Michael let her be while she ate, as though he knew it would be unwise to push her any farther tonight. Once she finished her meal, he even took her dishes to the sink to rinse them off. "Megan," he said after a minute, "do you not have hot water?"

"Oh shit," she muttered. "With everything going on I totally forgot to call my landlord about that. I'll call him first thing in the morning."

Michael shut the water off and walked back to the table. "That would explain why you went to your neighbor's yesterday."

"You saw all that?" Megan asked incredulously.

He gave her a curt nod. "Yes."

"But I never saw you."

"No, you were too preoccupied to notice me."

"Which was partly your fault," the redhead accused.

A very subtle smile tugged at Michael's lips. "I never said it wasn't."

They mutely regarded each other, and Megan could practically hear the electricity sizzling between them.

"You should probably get ready for bed, Megan," the killer softly stated.

She suddenly frowned. "Speaking of which, where are going to sleep?"

"On your recliner."

The teenager sighed, knowing he'd rather sleep in her bed. "I'm sorry," she uttered.

He shook his head. "Don't be."

Nodding, she rose from her chair. "Well, good night, then, Michael."

"Sleep well, Megan."

****ONE DAY LATER****

****Haddonfield, Illinois****

****May 9, 2012****

That night the teenager failed to follow the killer's direction. She tossed and turned most of the night as she dreamed about him. They weren't nightmares by any means, yet she still woke up to her alarm clock in a disheveled mess. Her skin was all sweaty and her nightshirt was bunched up at her waist, revealing her panty, which was soaked with her juices. If Michael had been in the room with her, she would have pounced on him just to relieve the throbbing ache between her legs. She never knew sexual desire could hurt so badly. And, to make matters worse, she needed to pee.

Trembling, she tiptoed to her bedroom door. As quietly as possible she opened it and padded to the bathroom. After using the toilet, she stepped in front of the sink, staring wide-eyed at her reflection. If she didn't know better, she would have thought she had spent the entire night having wild sex with Michael. She had to do something about her appearance and quick, so she decided to take a shower, this time welcoming the water's cold temperature. When she finished, she dried off and put her nightshirt back on.

Megan quickly combed and braided her hair. Then, she walked out of the bathroom and into the living room. Michael was still seated in the recliner, watching her. Megan's insides fluttered, and the

dampness between her legs returned with a vengeance. She never thought she would be one to lust over a man, but she desperately wanted to feel him deep within her just like in her dreams. However, instead of going to him, she went into the kitchen to call her landlord Mr. Peterson. He didn't answer his phone, so she left him a brief message, politely asking him to fix her hot water heater.

By the time she hung up her receiver and turned around, Michael had joined her in the kitchen, making the already cramped space feel even tighter. "Good morning, Michael," she greeted. "I hope you slept well."

His eyes narrowed. "I think it's safe to say that I slept better than you."

The teenager tried to keep her expression neutral as she said, "I slept just fine."

The killer shook his head. "Don't be coy, Megan. I heard you call out for me several times throughout the night."

At the mention of her dreams, Megan's face turned very warm. "I orgasmed in my sleep," she quietly confided. "I didn't know that was even possible." She studied Michael for a long moment. "Are those the types of dreams you have of me?"

"Sometimes," he confessed.

"They felt so real...so good..." Megan's voice trailed off while she recalled the dream where Michael practically fucked her right through her mattress. It was hot and exciting, and it made her realize how much she actually wanted him.

Sighing, the redhead glanced over at the oven clock. "I really need to get dressed for work," she said, purposely changing the subject. "Otherwise I'm going to be late."

"What about breakfast?" asked Michael.

"I'll eat later," she answered, slipping past him.

The killer let her go without a fight, but Megan felt his eyes on her until she closed her bedroom door. Once in the privacy of her room, she changed into her work clothes. She could already tell that this was going to be a long day.

The ride to Lampkin Lane was filled with awkward silence. Megan never felt so ready to leave a car; however a firm hand on her shoulder prevented her exit. She turned and looked at Michael expectantly.

"Stop Nick from flirting with you," he demanded, "or else I will, and his punishment will be much more severe than finding a dog's in a vacuum cleaner."

Megan saw the seriousness in the killer's expression and nodded. He then released her shoulder, allowing her to leave the Cutlass.

She strolled down the sidewalk towards the Myers house. To her surprise, Mr. Ellens was standing out front looking quite perturbed.

"What's wrong?" she asked upon her approach.

"Briana quit," he surly replied, "and as of right now, I don't have anyone to fill in for her. As if the schedule wasn't tight enough. Losing a painter at this stage will be detrimental to the entire project."

Megan glanced up at the house, her insides tingling. "Well, I'd be willing to work late the rest of the week, if that would help."

Mr. Ellens shook his head. "Thank you, but no. I can't risk you working here by yourself—too much liability. I'll make some phone calls this morning and see if I can't find someone else to hire." He signed heavily. "I just hope Briana keeps what happened yesterday under wraps."

"Yeah, so do I," Megan said. She then headed inside in order to start painting the dining room.

As Megan worked, she couldn't stop herself from thinking about Michael. Just the knowledge that he was somewhere in the house, perhaps somewhere close by, made her damp with desire. However, unlike the previous day, he let her work undisturbed, perhaps understanding how much pressure she was under to finish painting the entire first floor by Friday. Why Mr. Ellens hadn't hired more painters in the first place was beyond her, especially when the project itself was already weeks behind schedule.

"You have a very steady hand."

The sound of Nick's voice made her jump slightly. "Excuse me?" she asked, turning around.

"Just admiring your handiwork," he replied. "You really seem to care about this project."

Megan frowned at Nick's observation. From the beginning, she had put forth extra effort to make the house look good, treating it as though it was hers. But, it wasn't hers; it wasn't even technically Michael's, yet she felt a strange kinship to it, despite its gory history. "I haven't given it much thought," she truthfully told him as he dipped half her brush into the paint can. "Now, will you please leave me be? I have a lot of work to do."

"Is there a problem here?" Mr. Ellens had entered the room unnoticed and was now looking between his two employees for an answer.

"Yes," the teenager said, setting her paintbrush down. "Nick is pestering me while I'm trying to work."

The drywaller immediately appeared affronted. "I had just stopped to tell Megan what a good job she was doing."

"Which you did, so now you can leave," she firmly told him, knowing that Michael was probably somewhere close by, watching.

"Yes. Don't you have your own work to finish up?" Mr. Ellens asked, addressing Nick.

The younger nodded. "Of course, sir. I'll be upstairs if you should

need me."

Once the drywaller disappeared from view, Mr. Ellens said, "Megan, you don't by chance ever babysit, do you? My wife just called me, and our normal sitter cancelled for Friday night. Apparently, she has the flu.

"We have two daughters," he continued. "One is seven, the other eleven. If you could help us out, my wife and I would greatly appreciate it."

"Yeah, I could do that," the redhead agreed without thinking. "I love kids."

Mr. Ellens breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank you, Megan. You're a real life saver." He reached into the left breast pocket of his blue flannel shirt and pulled out a business card and an ink pen. After writing down his address and telephone number, he passed the card to the teenager. "If you need directions, just let me know."

Megan read what he had written and said, "No, I know where this is." She then tucked the card into her back pocket for safe keeping.

"Wonderful. My wife and I have to be at our engagement by six-thirty, so if you could be at our house by quarter to six. That will give us time to go over everything with you."

"Sure, no problem."

Mr. Ellens smiled at her. "Well, I'd better call my wife back and tell her that I found a sitter. Thanks, again, Megan."

As soon as her supervisor left the dining room, Michael emerged from the shadows, his lips pursed together in a fine line. "A babysitting job?" he questioned, his tone laced with obvious displeasure.

"Don't start with me, Michael," Megan brazenly warned. "You know I can use the extra money right now."

His obsidian orbs bore into hers. "Very well, but you will not be going by yourself." When she opened her mouth to argue, he said, "Megan, if I don't go, you don't go, and that is final."

The teenager glowered at her companion, again at odds with his possessiveness. "You don't own me," she seethed.

Michael suddenly grabbed her by the shoulders and pinned her up against an unpainted wall. "You are mine, Megan," he corrected, "and I'll be damned if I'm going to let anything bad happen to you." He moved one hand up to firmly cup her chin, forcing her to meet his intense stare. "Do I make myself clear?"

"Crystal," she spat.

He grunted and then crushed her lips with his. While he kissed her, the hand on her chin pried her jaw open so that he could ravish her mouth with his tongue. His coarseness awakened a hot raw passion inside of Megan that she had been certain only existed in steamy fictional romance novels. She wrapped her arms around Michael's

shoulders, urging him closer to her. He complied by grinding his erection against her crotch, teasing her through their layers of clothes.

Suddenly, he lowered his hand to the waistband of her jeans and popped them open. Megan was sure he was going to claim her virginity right then and there. However, like before, the killer slipped only his hand down into pants and underneath her panty's elastic waistband. He aggressively rubbed his index finger up and down her wet slit until finally settling it on her swollen nub. He roughly tweaked it, squeezing it hard between his fingers and occasionally giving it a sharp tug to optimize her pleasure.

The teenager was on the cusp of coming when Michael lifted his mouth from hers and said, "Megan, look at me."

She slowly opened her eyes gazed at him through a haze of passion.

"Much better," he mumbled, seemingly more to himself than to her.

Megan had no idea what he meant, nor did she really care as her body began to tremble. Michael silently watched her unravel, his eyes never once straying from hers. Afterwards, he withdrew his hand and coaxed her into his arms.

"Despite what you believe, I am not trying to smother you, Megan," he said. "I simply want to protect you."

She tipped her face up, recalling one of the several words he had scrawled in the background of the portrait he had drawn of her: Protect. "I don't understand," she confessed. "What exactly are you protecting me from?"

Michael abruptly lowered his arms and stepped away from the redhead. "My apologies, Megan. I fear I have taken up too much of your precious time already," he stated, plainly ignoring her inquiry. "I'll see you later this afternoon." His onyx orbs suddenly darkened, which she hadn't thought possible. "Do not leave without me."

Not wishing to upset the killer any farther, the teenager offered him a curt nod. Then, just like that, he was gone, leaving her alone with merely her rampant thoughts to keep her company.

End
file.